Enterprise.



1911

SONOMA COUNTY
LIBRARY
DISCOVER • LEARN • SHARE

Donation
From
Mrs. Heintz

65-59 H

The Enterprise

Petaluma High School

...June, 1911...

Petaluma, California

Gift of Mrs Louise Schaad Heintz Petaluma 1965

To

Irvin Passmore

As a token of regard and esteem, we the

Class of 1911

do dedicate this volume

Contents

Dedication - - - - - - - - - - - - - 3

Faculty - - - - - - - - - - - - - 7

Class of "11" - - - - - - - - - - - 13

The Suicide - - - - - - - - - - - 19

Petaluma (Poem) - - - - - - - - - - 20

The Girl From Texas - - - - - - - - - 21

Petaluma School Spirit - - - - - - - - 23

Our New Teacher - - - - - - - - - 24

In Botany Examination - - - - - - - - 24

Speedo-Raymaker - - - - - - - - - 25

Character Sketch - - - - - - - - - 29

A Daring Burglary - - - - - - - - - 30

The Last Will and Testament of The Senior Class, 1911 - - 31

The Field Day of 1910 - - - - - - - - 32

Editorial - - - - - - - - - - - - 33

Commercial Department - - - - - - - - 38

Commercial Department, Cuts - - - - - - - 39

Exchanges - - - - - - - - - - - 43

School Notes - - - - - - - - - - 45

Doings - - - - - - - - - - - 46

Track Luck (Poem) - - - - - - - - 47

Athletics - - - - - - - - - - 48

O U Senior Class - - - - - - - - - 55

A Few Jokes - - - - - - - - - - 56

Chart - - - - - - - - - - - 60

Alumni - - - - - - - - - - 61

Faculty



Irvin Passmore, Principal.



Miss Everett



Miss Sweed



Miss Daniel



A. B. Way



Miss Prutzman



Miss Schluckebier



Miss Watkins

Class of '11



Clifford Allen, Editor
Ethyl Cannon

Irene Haran
Will Loftus, Mgr.



Mildred Herbert

Lillian Keller

Percy Mills

Mary Connolly

Enid Dorroh

THE SUICIDE

UTTON had resolved to die. He had pondered the matter long and carefully and deliberately arrived at the conclusion that there was no longer sufficient reason for him to live. He had been out of work for five months, and, because he had never saved carefully, and also, because he had never received a great deal of money which could be saved, he was at the end of his funds. He had exactly five dollars, which would be sufficient to buy a good revolver and a box of shells, and after that--. He shrugged his shoulders. He would look again into the matter. Such a thing should not be done without the utmost attention being given to the pros and cons. Utton counted his money again. Just five dollars, enough to buy—. By a strong effort he concentrated his mind. His nerves were not as firm as they might be. He took a piece of paper from his pocket, upon which were written the names of the various firms which he had visited seeking employment, in the last two months. Not one of them had offered any hope of a position. There were so many bookkeepers in the world. He wondered if there were any besides himself who had only the price of a good revolver.

He drew a deep breath. He must not become morbid. Committing suicide was a business matter as much as anything else and must be regarded in the same unimpassioned light. He rattled the loose change in his pocket. He was hungry. Perhaps there was enough to get him a good meal, still leaving the price of a good revolver; after that it wouldn't matter. It cost nothing to visit the morgue. Yes, he would have dinner before he died. He might as well satisfy his hunger for the last time. He had a notion that he could shoot straighter if he were not hungry.

Utton took his hat from its nail, then paused. He would take a farewell look at his room. He had not fully decided whether he would come back to his room to die, or go somewhere else. At any rate he would bid it goodbye. How sordid the room was! He did not understand how he had stood its squalor so long. The scarred furniture, the grimy unpapered walls, the little wood stove, that always smoked when troubled by a fire, the curtainless windows, what man could respect himself amid such surroundings, when added thereto were the pangs of hunger and the monotony of idle existence? Then his eye fell on his pipe, and he thought of better days, when he had bought it. It was a genuine meerschaum and he put it tenderly into his pocket. Perhaps he would have enough to buy a little tobacco. He would see.

He closed the door, no need to lock it. What should he do first? The revolver, that must be procured before all else. He went down the street and turned into a store. A very good weapon could be had for three dollars. He discussed the merits of black and smokeless powders with the salesman and decided on the latter as being less noisy and of greater force. He put his purchases into his pocket and held them there tightly, gleefully. The tobacco dealer's was next. Here an ounce of Peco-Laun was gotten and put into another pocket. Now for the dinner. He went to a retired little restaurant which he had known in his better days, and back into his favorite corner. He leisurely read the menu and ordered the things he liked best. After looking at his check he found that he still had some change, and with this he tipped the waiter. At the

desk he asked for and received a half dozen matches. He would now consult his meerschaum for the last time. He remembered a park not far away, with little odd nooks and corners, and thither he went.

A retired spot, a couple of enjoyable smokes, and then the eternal rest. He smiled in anticipation.

Utton sat for several minutes inhaling lungfuls of smoke. Then a robin alighted on the hard gravel path near him and began hunting for worms. Utton almost laughed aloud. The idea of the robin hunting worms on a gravel path in the heart of New York was sufficient to make even a man in Utton's frame of mind smile. And such a specimen of a robin! It was blind in one eye. Its tail feathers were partly gone. Its plumage was in a deplorable state. After looking at it for a couple of minutes, Utton saw that two of its toes were missing. He caught himself thinking what forlorn birds robins were judging all from this one. After perhaps 10 minutes futile search for worms, the robin shook its feathers, looked around, cocked its one good eye heavenwards, and broke into a cheerful chirping, its heart seemingly as glad as if it had been feeding upon the most delicious of grubs. Then it was that something snapped in Utton's brain, and a flood of ideas raced through his mind. Was he less brave than the robin? Simply because he was out of luck should hegive up? Was his search for employment less fruitful than the robin's search for its meal on a New York gravel sidewalk? Say! Could he afford to face Providence?

What did Utton do? Why, he resolved to try again, and succeeded and in later years he often thought of the robin and the lesson that it taught him, the old, old lesson of "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." L. B.

Petaluma

(Petaluma is the Indian word for little hills.)

O land of little hills, the day
Broods bright above; cloud shadows play
With sunlight 'neath your tender skies;
We watch them with unnoting eyes,
Heeding the things of every day.

Is it because you smile alway,
Living beneath your gentle sway
Your beauties we so lightly prize,
O land of little hills?

When time has led our steps away
I wonder if our thoughts will stray
From sterner hours and harsher skies
To wander with the spirit's eyes,
Where sunlight and cloud shadows play
Among the little hills.

E. E.

THE GIRL FROM TEXAS

THE rickety old stage clattered down the hill and drew up in front of the typical mountain tavern, with its wide veranda, partly covered with vines, and a few summer visitors seated on it, waiting for the mail.

The driver leaped from his seat, but before he could reach the door of the coach, it was opened and a young girl, apparently about sixteen years of age, with red hair braided in a thick braid down her back, jumped out. Her hat drooped, so those on the porch could not see her face, and she quickly turned to assist an elderly lady from the stage, paying no attention to the driver, who stood beside her.

The group on the porch was interested, for there had been no newcomers for two weeks, and a young girl would add new life and spirit to the party.

As the two approached the veranda, the landlady appeared at the door and welcomed them in. As they walked up the steps, we, for I was among the party on the porch, caught a glimpse of the girl's face. She was rather pretty, had a small face and dark eyes.

Just after she had gone in the door a young man said "Fire," in a low voice. Immediately the girl appeared at the door, her eyes flashing and said, "You—." From inside we heard, "Come Molly," and she turned quickly from the doorway and ran upstairs.

One thing was settled; her name was Molly. Something else was started, but not settled; that was her character.

Although no one said anything, everyone was anxiously awaiting the dinner horn; anxious because we wanted to see the newcomers again, and see if the girl would finish her sentence.

The horn blew in time and it was not long before everyone was seated at the table, with the exception of the late arrivals. They were soon heard coming down the stairs and the impertinent Mr. Brown, looked rather worried. The two were introduced to us as Mrs. Norton and Miss Molly Cannon. They were assigned their seats, Molly having one directly opposite young Brown. As they took their seats Molly flashed a look of scorn at the young man across from her and he looked greatly embarassed.

A conversation was soon started and all felt perfectly at east. We learned that Molly was Mrs. Norton's niece and that their home was in Texas. Molly livened the conversation with bits of humor or funny incidents, and the meal was spent pleasantly for all but one, for whenever young Brown tried to say something he became so flustrated by Molly's scornful looks, that he would stop. After the meal, all adjourned to the parlor and Miss Molly was asked to play. She consented and Brown stepped forward to open the piano. Like a flash Molly was past him and at the piano, and opened it herself. The young man was certainly nonplussed, but no one felt sorry for him, for he had been rude that afternoon.

Molly sat down to the piano looking very angry and struck a loud chord. She started playing loudly and her aunt looked nervous. Gradually, however, her playing became softer and finally she was playing with much expression.

During the evening, we planned to take a ride the next day, for the hotel was well supplied with good riding horses. Our new friends were very enthusiastic and claimed to be good riders. Molly proved

by several stories that she was a good rider.

It was a merry party that started off the next morning, for everyone seemed in the best of spirits. Poor Brown, however, looked as though he had not slept much, and I began to feel sorry for him, and wish he could have a chance to apologize.

He addressed a few questions to Molly and she answered them, much to the surprise of all the company, and each time more graciously. I, who was riding with her could see mischief in her eye, and wondered greatly what she would do.

We reached our destination, a tavern up in the mountains, shortly before noon. After having lunch we spent part of the afternoon there, and then left for home. We were to go a little way on the road on which we had come up, and then branch off in a longer way back to the hotel.

On the way up, Molly had been very anxious to keep ahead, but on the return trip, she graciously consented to let Brown ride with her. I felt that something would happen, but was entirely in the dark as to what it would be.

As we came to the crossroads, Molly said her girth was loose and young Brown quickly dismounted to fix it. Molly begged us not to wait so we rode on.

As soon as we were out of sight, Molly gave Brown's horse a cut with her whip and it started on a run down the shorter road, for home. Then Molly gave her own horse a touch, and with a scornful glance at Brown, left him.

She soon caught up with us, and was asked where Brown was.

"Oh," she said, "he's coming."

He did not come, however, and all were anxious and also curious. Mrs. Norton, however, did not seem to think anything of it, so nothing was said.

Late that evening as we were sitting in the parlor, the door opened and Brown stood on the threshold. He was a sorry looking figure and we all realized that he had walked home.

Molly, to our great surprise, walked over to him and held out her hand. "We are even, now," she said. Then she told us what she had done.

The second question was now settled. We knew quite well what Molly's character was.

Geraldine Boothe, '12.

CUPID IN VASSAR

This year something new was attempted in the line of dramatics in the High School. Instead of the customary play given by the Seniors for the benefit of the Enterprise, a musical comedy, "Cupid in Vassar," was produced. The play was managed by the Senior Class but the cast was chosen by the coach, Mr. Barry Townsley, from the school after tryouts for the various roles had been held. In this way the best talent available in the school was selected.

The play was a complete success, artistically and financially. There were no delays, no prompting, and the whole affair went off with the snap and dash that is characteristic of a professional performance rather than of a production by amateurs.

The leading roles called for portrayals of real human emotions rather more than in the ordinary farce-comedy and these were taken with conviction and real delicacy. The choruses, music and the stage pictures did much to add to the attractiveness of the lines. The audience seemed to enjoy the comedy, and sympathize with the different tragic situations fully. The criticisms have been most favorable and congratulatory to the cast and the coach.

PETALUMA SCHOOL SPIRIT



ONE after another all thru the long October morning, the long, dust begrimed excursion trains pulled up to the station, and out from each car piled a happy horde of boys and girls gay in their flaunting colors, waving pennants and wearing happy smiles. It was the typical field day crowd.

Over at Kenilworth the huge grandstand was filling to overflowing. The rooting sections were already getting into action and in quick staccato accents were promising dire calamities to all rivals.

Tape in hand a half dozen boys were hustling up and down the track measuring distances, and tacking cards here and there upon the fence. Presently a deficiency was discovered, one hurdle was missing. Burton, the Petaluma captain, was consulted and he recalled that one hurdle had been left out behind the High School, for practice at recess.

Burton started across the field at a lively clip. Directly in his way was a board fence. Burton attempted to hurdle it and and when in the air he remembered that the fence was placed as a guard for an old well, not very deep, and dry at this time of the year. Burton crashed thru the rotten boards placed across the top of the well and landed unhurt but somewhat shaken in the bottom of the well.

But let us leave Burton in his plight and return to the meet. And such a meet as it was! One after another old records passed into history, and new ones came to take their places. Old champions struggled bravely, and went down to defeat before "phenominal dark horses."

But the real contest of the day was between Petaluma and Santa Rosa High Schools. These two schools early outdistanced all competitors and each struggled spiritedly for the lead. But, one first place Petaluma was sure of. If they could only hold their own until the mile run the meet was theirs; for Captain Burton at this distance was invincible. But where was Burton? "Burton! Burton! What's the matter with Burton?" came from the Petaluma bleachers, followed by a buzz of inquiry. A half dozen searching parties detached themselves from the Petaluma rooters, but one after another these parties returned with no word of Burton.

Finally a Santa Rosa boy chanced to stray a little way from the grandstand and heard a muffled cry for help. He directed his footsteps toward the old well and glanced in. Only glanced, for one glance was enough. Many a time had he seen Burton dash down the field and break the tape a full hundred yards in advance of the nearest Santa Rosa man. He concluded that the old well was a good place for Burton for the present.

Some "mean old thing" has said that woman is the root of all evil. In my story she is to be the root of some little good. The Santa Rosa boy walked jauntily over to the grandstand, a mysteriously happy smile upon his face. He clambered up into the Petaluma rooting section, and seated himself beside the "one girl," who was the "one girl" even if she did go to Petaluma High. Then after obtaining many promises not to tell he proceeded to unburden himself of his great secret.

The score boards announced P. H. S.—51; S. R. H. S.—51, and only the mile to run. The Santa Rosa section was wild. The Petaluma section was all confusion. "Third and last call for the mile run," the

announcer bellowed thru the megaphone. Out upon the track a half dozen Petaluma boys were pleading with the clerk of the course. But alas, he too was from Santa Rosa. He couldn't find anything in the rules that said a race might be held for a contestant, who did not appear at third call. Up in the grandstand a purple and white bedecked girl tightly held on to the grandstand and answered in monosyllables the very engaging talk of the young man from Santa Rosa. "Come on your mark!" the long row of white clad figures waiting for the pistol. Then the Petaluma girl suddenly discovered that she had a great thirst. The ever obliging Santa Rosa boy dashed under the grandstand hoping to get a bottle of soda water and be back by the time the race started.

The Petaluma girl waited until he was out of sight. Then she dashed down and said a few hasty words to the Petaluma yell leader, "Burton is in the old well!" The news spread like wild fire thru the grandstand. The starter paused with his pistol in the air. In ten seconds every person in the grandstand was crowding about the old well.

Of course Burton won the mile. How could he lose, when everyone in the grandstand (except a few from Santa Rosa,) was rooting for him. They carried him off the field on their shoulders while the Petaluma yell leader was busy explaining to a young man from Santa Rosa how he just happened to hear a muffled cry for help coming from the old well, and recognized it as Burton's voice.

Harry Brown.

Our New Teacher

When we returned to high school,
After our vacation day,
We found our dear Miss Perkins,
Had left and gone away.
So the board of education,
A substitute did find,
In Miss de Laguna,
A miss of learned mind.
With Latin derivations,
She kept our brain awhirl;
And introduced us to the dictionary,
As a very precious pearl.
Five weeks she lingered with us,
Till in Greek and Latin we were learned;
But Alas! our Senior English,
I fear was sadly spurned.
But now we are quite happy,
Because a teacher has been found;
Who instead of ancient languages,
Teaches English clear and sound.

In Botany Examination

Charlotte couldn't see the question,
And didn't know what to do;
So she tipped her chair far over,
Just to get a better view.
But the chair kept on tipping,
Tipping, slipping, sliding o'er;
Till with a crash res-unding,
She did land upon the floor,
Or did the floor hit her?
Whichever of the two it was,
It did make quite a stir.
Then with a face quite crimson,
She sprang quickly to her feet;
With tingling ears and aching limbs,
She silently took her seat.

SPEEDO - RAYMAKER

ACT I.

Scene: Laboratory.

(Brown, writing at table on chemistry note-book, Mills working.)

Mills: Oh, I don't know how to do this stuff. Do you Brown?

Brown: Huh?

Mills: Do you know what you are doing?

Brown: Huh? (writing busily).

Mills: Do you know what you are trying to make?

Brown: No.

Mills: Say, Brown, what in the dickens are you so grouchy about?

Brown: (in an aggrieved tone): Mills, you seem to like chemistry. Isn't it bad enough to have to labor two periods a day with dope like this without having to stay an hour after school, when we ought to be out training for the A. A. L. indoor meet? (disgustedly) O, ginger!

(They work in silence.)

Mills: Say, Brown, do you think the Athenians at the time of Pericles were more civilized than the most advanced nations of today?

Brown: (writing busily): Huh?

Mills: (Repeats question very distinctly.)

Brown: I don't know. For the love of Mike, let me alone, will you!

Mills: They had better athletes.

Brown: (with interest): No siree, they didn't. Look-a-here. It took that guy four hours and twenty-three minutes to run a Marathon. I could beat that myself. They never even dreamt of pole-vaults or hurdles, and as for sprinters they didn't have any, why they couldn't even beat "Babe Adams."

Mills: But, Brown—!

Brown: Oh, go on, you can't talk to me; they didn't even have spiked shoes. Why, they were as bad as Brunson, they didn't even have track suits. Is that civilization?

(Both work at chemistry.)

Mills: The Greeks invented chemistry, didn't they?

Brown: Did they? I thought Miss Daniels did.

Mills: Did you hear what Mr. Singer said about that dope they used to have, but lost the recipe for making?

Brown: What dope?

Mills: That stuff that Pericles invented to put on balky mules. All you had to do was to put it on a thing and, gee, how it would go.

Brown: Oh, shut up.

Mills: How in the dickens am I to do this unless I can find the H_2O.

Brown: What's H_2O?

Mills: That's what I don't know. I can't find it.

Brown: Why don't you put this dope in?

Mills: All right. I'll put this in, too.

Brown: Try this.

PHS6

Mills: All right give me that stuff over there.

(They put in bottle after bottle, growing more and more excited. Mills grabs a stick and stirs contents of bowl. Lays stick down and it begins to move.)

Mills: Look at that stick.

Brown: Gee. (They both stare. Mills runs after stick, brings it back and lays it down.)

Mills: (examining stick): Now what the dickens do you suppose is the matter with that stick?

Foot note: This play was written and presented by members of the school.

Brown: Maybe it's that miscellaneous brew we're mixing.

Mills: By gum, I'm going to find out. (Splashes some on the chairs with a stick. The chairs move.)

Brown: It is; it is. By Jove, but we're some inventors.

Mills: I'll bet it's the same dope that Pericles used on his mule. Say, what shall we name it?

Brown: Let's call it Speedo-Raymaker, he's always drinking the rub down.

Mills: (cautiously approaches the mixture and holds a dipperful aloft) Say, I wonder if it will work on mules. Brown, I'll try it on you. (Throws it on Brown who rushes off R.)

Mills: Three cheers for us. That's the stuff. We've found the dope that Pericles discovered. Oh, but we're some.

Curtain.

ACT II.

(Brown, Mills, Raymaker and Brunson in the dressing room.

Brunson: Is this our dressing-room?

Mills: Oh, what a joint for a dressing-room.

Brown: Is this a fit place to house the future champion track team of the west? Can we condescend to dress in this lowly portion of the Auditorium annex? Here Brunson, sit on this suitcase before it runs away with itself. Where's that boob of a freshman, Adams?

Mills: I don't know. We left him over on Market street rubbering in at the show-windows. We tried to bring him along with us, but every time he saw a building more than six stories high he had to turn around and rubber and he'd say," Gee, ain't that a whopper?" and then someone would bump into him and Adams would turn around to see who it was, and then someone else would hit him. Adams wasn't making any progress along Market street and besides he was queering the bunch, so we dropped him.

Brown: Gee, if Adams doesn't get here we're out of five points, you know, with Speedo-Raymaker he's just as valuable as anyone. We've got 15 minutes before the race I guess I'll go look for him before the race.

(Brown rushes off and runs into Adams just entering with his arms full of bundles.)

Brown: Hully gee, fresh, what have you got there?

Adams: Oh, here you are, I had an awful time finding you. Just look at all the stuff I bought. I'm going to take it all home to Petaluma. I'm going to make some money when I get home.

Brown: How?

Adams: Oh, just look at this great big chunk of gold a fellow sold me for six-bits. He said it would be worth $7,-000 anywhere. The only reason the guy sold to me was because he couldn't get it changed into ready money here in San Francisco and he had to have money to pay his carfare to Emeryville tonight or else his old dad would disinherit him.

(They all laugh.)

Brunson: Give me that brick, Fresh.

Adams: I'm afraid to trust you with it.

Brunson: Give it to me, I say.

(Adams meekly hands over the brick. Brunson examines it and breaks it in two.)

Raymaker: Who did you think that guy was, Santa Claus?

Adams: O my, I thought it was gold.

Raymaker: O you poor boob.

Brown: Oh, don't josh him, fellows. What can you expect of a freshman?

Mills: Gee Whillikens! What's this bottle?

Adams: It's for the chickens. The guy said it would make chickens lay two eggs every day. I got that bottle for fifty cents. (Raymaker reads name.)

Brown: Ditch that junk, will you? Here come the Lowell fellows; it will queer the whole bunch.

(They proceed to hide things while Adams protests. They put Speedo and chicken medicine in the same suit case.)

Enter Street, Potter and Young of Lowell. (General business of handshaking.)

Potter: Well, Mills, what do you fellows expect to do tonight?

Mills: Just wait awhile and see. What are your chances of making a good showing?

Potter: Bum. Young here, is our best sprinter and he has been making poor time. The other men haven't been coming up to Young.

Brown: Have you boys had much training?

Potter: Some of us trained for a whole week and we had one tryout but most of them only trained two evenings.

Brown: That's worse than we've done. What is the cause of all this?

Potter: The fellows thought they didn't have any show to get out a good track team so they put in their time on football.

Brown: Makes it nice for the track captain, doesn't it?

Potter: The captain can't crab when he has been playing football himself instead of training.

Mills: Then you don't expect to win tonight?

Potter: I should say not. If we don't get last we will be lucky.

(First call for Fifty yard dash.)

Potter: Well, so long, Petaluma. We'll meet you on the track.

Mills and Brown: Goodbye, fellows.

Mills: Come, Brown, let's watch these fellows limber up.

(Cross to track.) That Lowell man has a good stride but watch him get his from Anderson and Adams in the sprints.

Brown: Sure with Speedo-Raymaker they can't be beat.

Mills: No. (Suit case moves, Young stares.)

Brown: It's the greatest invention of the age. It would make a speed marvel of the oldest inhabitant of Penngrove.

Mills: Where is it.

Brown: Over there in my suitcase.

Young: (Aside) I see a chance for Lowell.

(Takes bottle from his own suit case, pours Speedo. into bottle, and pours Culpepper's Chicken Condiment into Speedo. bottle. Exit.)

Mills: Say, won't we spring a surprise on this bunch down here. (Last call for fifty.) Ah, there's the last call for the fifty. The meet will soon be on. Well, Brown, (shakes hands with Brown) here's where Petaluma wins a field meet.

Curtain.

ACT III.

(Mills and Brown from Petaluma, Young and Potter of Lowell, and Lee of Mission limbering up. Rest of Petaluma team cheering on the side lines.)

Starter: All out for the mile! All milers out!

Here, you fellows, take your places. Young, 1, Mills, 2, Potter, 3, Lee, 4, Brown, 5. Now, remember, youse fellows, the foist guy that sneaks gets penalized five yards.

Mills: You, Young, quit your crowding. Here, starter, watch this man.

Starter: Say, what's the matter with you Lowell guys? Can't you keep still?

(Two false starts.)

All: Hurrah! They're off, etc.

Adams: O, gee. Look at those Lowell fellows go.

Raymaker. Look at old Potter take the lead. He's the man they said couldn't run at all. Look at him streak it out now.

Brunson: Believe me he has to. Young and Lee are right on his heels and gaining every minute.

Weston: I thought the Lowell fellows said they couldn't run. Look at Young take the turn; he's ahead of Potter now.

Brunson: Yes, but look at Brown and Mills, they are gaining. Look! Look! They are up with them. There, there's still a chance for us to make a few points anyway.

Ray: You bet there is, it's up to Brown and Mills to bring home the bacon.

(Runners cross the stage.)

Brunson: Gee, that was a pretty spurt.

Ray: Yes, but they are all in. That spurt killed them off.

Adams: There, that's our last chance gone.

Ray: Yes; our chances are about pickled and put on ice.

Brunson: Oh what a surprise this meet has turned out to be.

Ray: Yes, but instead of us doing the surprising it's that despised Lowell bunch.

(Runners cross stage.)

Weston: Yes, it looks almost as if they were the ones who had Speedo-Raymaker instead of us.

Ray: That Speedo-Raymaker certainly hasn't been working much tonight. Before, when I used it my legs fairly ran away with me, but tonight it didn't help at all.

Brunson: Say, fellows, it seems to me that Speedo didn't smell the same as usual tonight. I wonder—(walks to suit case, takes out bottle, sniffs it and holds it up. Yells.)

Hey, come here, you fellows. See, here's what's the matter. Lowell has been using our Speedo and we have been using Culpepper's Chicken Condiment!

Weston: O, piffle!

Ray: O, for the love of Mike!

Brunson: Now wouldn't that get your angora!

Adams: O, gee! you fellows went and used up all my chicken medicine. I wanted that for—

Weston: Shut up! We'll fix you after the meet. It's all your fault. You brought this stuff in here.

Adams: But the fellow said—

Weston: I don't care what he said. You shut up!

Ray: He must have seen you coming. Fresh!

Brunson: Here come the fellows. Mills and Brunson are about a mile behind.

Starter: Here hold the end of this string, one of you fellows.

(Runners finish, Mills and Brown last.)

Ray: Say, fellows, everything has turned out rotten. We haven't made a single point, but let's not cry over spilt milk; we're going to have a high old time before we go home.

Brunson: Sure, cheer up, fellows, let's show them that we know how to lose as well as win. Let's give them whiskity.

Ray: Aw, let's sing Boola Boola.

Adams: Sure that's the dope.

Weston: You bet.

Ray: Come on, starter, come on you Lowell fellows and join us in our little song.

All right, now, all together.

(First verse of Boola Song.

Curtain.

A CHARACTER SKETCH

JACK came to visit us, to to our dismay. He was about eight years old, was red headed and very lively. He came in just as we were sitting down to lunch, having walked up from his aunt's.

"Hello, Grandma," he shouted, opening the door and rushing into the dining-room, "I'm going to visit you for two weeks. Arn't you glad?"

His grandmother smiled back at him, and was about to reply, when—

"Say, I'm hungry," he said, eyeing the table.

"Well, run and wash your face and come to lunch," she answered, picking his hat up from the floor.

Jack soon returned with the dirt smeared over his face and his hair plastered down on his forehead, but he thought he was clean so she let him sit down. He climbed into my chair, looked about the table, passed his plate and said, "I'll take some chicken."

"Those are chops," explained his grandmother patiently, "Will you have one?"

"Two of 'em", he answered; and so it went. He would not drink milk and when he got cocoa he spilled it on the table-cloth and in his desert, which he straightway refused to eat, but took an orange and left the table to "see the place," as he said.

A few minutes later he went dashing by the window chasing the cat and throwing stones in all directions. Grandmother called and he immediately became interested in the flowers assuming such an angelic expression we thought he was going to be good. But no,—he quarreled with the neighbor's children and frankly told the mother, who came to their rescue, he would "fight 'em both with one hand." I endeavored to get him interested in something nice and quiet and went to hunt for some chalk for the little blackboard, but when I returned he had the cat, which had evidently been held under the faucet, and was cutting its hair. I rescued the cat, but when Jack's grandmother saw it sunning itself shortly afterwards, the sight convinced her, then and there, that it would be impossible for Jack to stay a moment longer, so she dragged him from the strawberry patch, where he had gone, while I was being questioned as to the cat's health, and sent him back to his Aunt's.

Lena Bower.

A DARING BURGLARY

ENTERPRISE OFFICE ENTERED SAFE OPENED EVERYTHING GONE

ON Tuesday night, April 25, 1911, the Enterprise office was broken into by burglars, and the safe opened and all of the contents taken. The police were notified as soon as the Office Boy arrived in the morning. This was not the first time the office had been entered and property removed. The news spread rapidly despite strenuous efforts to prevent the conditions being known. One of the oldest and shrewdest detectives on the force was detailed to conduct a rigid investigation and he set to work immediately.

The "safe" consisted of a door with two hinges and fastened with a padlock, all of which were on the outside. Said door was put in between two shelves and enclosed a large, roomy space. The sleuth's quick eye detected that the entire door was gone. "Since the door was locked last night," he said, "and has been taken away it is quite evident that some one had a key to it. The hinges have been removed with the aid of some dull-pointed instrument such as a hatchet, or perhaps a screw driver. The lock and hinges being removed it was then a simple matter to take off the door and gain access to the 'safe.' The robbers are not here, so they must have escaped before I came. I will report my findings to the Chief at once."

When the Editor arrived he was told of the progress made in the case and promptly confirmed the conclusions of the detective.

"But I was ahead of the detective," said the Editor. "I did a little work on the case myself last evening. I feared something of the kind for it has happened every year and manuscripts have been stolen and much inconvenience caused. So last night I kept watch and can tell you a few things.

"I hid myself beneath the table there just back of the waste backet and waited the coming of the intruders. I was sure they would be on hand. Just as the town clock struck two I heard light foot-falls in the lower hall. The robbers came prepared for the worst. Each one carried all the equipment of the dread heroes of yellow backed literature. They were the real, original trouble-hunters! Casting the light from their dark lanterns into all the corners to see if anyone should be awaiting their coming, and deciding that everything was safe, they cautiously climbed the stairs and entered the Enterprise office.

"They knew their work and proceeded with great caution but with certainty to the task. In less than ten seconds they were at work at the 'safe.' With marvelous ease they fell to work on the hinges, which they quickly removed with the Janitor's screw-driver. Having removed the hinges it was an easy thing to swing the door out of place, wrench it off and remove it. It was all done in a moment's time. They opened their suit cases to stow away the treasure of the 'safe'. But—

"You see, I had anticipated just such an event and had taken all the papers home and had them safely locked in my trunk. Nothing is lost. You may all go back to work. All that the robbers found is that big sign I prepared and posted up at the back of the safe for the robbers to read when they got the door open. It is not pretty but it meant a lot to them:

* * * * * * * * * *
* STUNG! *
* * * * * * * * * *

A. B. W.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS 1911

We, the Senior Class, of the Petaluma High School, of the City of Petaluma, in the State of California, being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this our last Will and Testament, in the manner following, that is to say; I, Percy Mills, president of this noble body, do hereby give and bequeath my oratorical powers, to Herman Raymaker, in order that he may, for, and during the term of his natural life, profit by the same, and after his death to his lawful issue, him surviving. My lavendar hosiery I bequeath to Irvin Passmore. My dark suit to Ansel Hardin on condition that it will be well taken care of, and that he wears it only on state occasions.

I, Enid Dorroh, give and devise, my laugh to Lynwood Hall, in order that it may prove beneficial to the recipient. My little brother, I give into the tender care of Miss Ruth Oelig. My hair ribbons to Alice Hunt, with the proviso, that they will not be too badly stretched and wired.

I, Irene Haran, bequeath and confer my puffs to the girls of the next Senior Class, in order that they may be used, in the Enterprise photos. My curly hair, to Nell Fritsch, so that she will not have to waste so much time, "roughing" her own locks. My "A's" to Ruth Connolly to add to her collection.

I, Bill Loftus, devise and bequeath, my ability to secure the affections of the new girls, to Benson Bachelor, as he seems to be in need of them. My high-cuffed trousers, to Leslie Thomas, in order that he may take the hint. My high collars to Pierce Cromwell, so that in time he may learn to wear one, without choking.

I, Lillian Keller, confer and devise, my curly front locks to Alice Silva, who on some grand occasion, may wish a different style of hair-dressing. My military coat to the Girls' Athletic Association, to be worn by a mascot. My knowledge of all High School subjects to Lena Brown, to be used in her recitations. Nell Fritsch, I bequeath to Oliver Lefebvre (being a Socialist he is compelled to take that which he gets). My voice to the Glee Club to increase their favorite song "Ave Maria" in tone and volume.

I, May Connolly, do hereby give and bequeath, my stage laugh to Clarice Kennedy and Norma Van Marter for general use in the Agriculture class. My medals to Ruth Oelig, to add to the size of her collection. My g r e e n suit to Charlotte Chamberlin so that she can alternately use "The Old Rose and the Green."

I, Clifford Allen, do hereby give and devise my pompadour to the next editor of the "Enterprise" to show his lofty and distinguished position. My scientific knowledge to Bill Symons, and my hobby of appearing studious, by carrying home large quantities of books every evening, to Pierce Cromwell.

I, Ethel Cannon, do hereby bequeath and confer by Small (?) amount of Absent Checks to Elwyn Husler so it will not necessitate his having so many late dinners, and so much (?) work to do. My lavendar dress to the student body for general use in theatricals and masquerades. My noisy disposition to Leona Pinger, and my numerous trips to Santa Rosa to Ruth Connolly. I also leave my Basket Ball management to Helen Stratton.

I, Mildred Herbert, do hereby donate and bequeath my "rats" to Lois Brown as evidently she has more material to cover

them with. My red jumper dress to Martina Camm so that she may have another change of dress at noon.

We hereby appoint Irvin Passmore executor of this our last Will and Testament: Hereby revoking all former Wills by us made.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names this second day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

EthYl Cannon
Enid Dorroh

Percy MillS
MildrEd Herbert
Irene HaraN
LillIan Keller
CliffOrd Allen
MaRy Connolly
Will LoftuS

The Field Day of 1910

The Sub-league of the A. A. L.
A Field Day wished to hold;
So the secretary asked all the schools,
The following questions, bold.
"Would you like to hold the meet,
In your town this time?"
And if so would it be possible,
To board visiting athletes for a time?"
The other schools all answered "NO"
But we, around the bush did beat;
And so it was decided, soon,
In Petaluma to hold the meet,
So when the Field Day did arrive,
Our rooters went in numbers grand;
And when the first event came off,
They yelled to beat the band.
"Why did they yell so lustily?"
I just heard someone ask;
"Well," 'twas because our Fitzie,
Did win that 50 yard dash.

Then just a short time after this,
'Fat" yelled, "Three cheers for Brown,"
Because in the 880 run,
He held the first place down.
Then Raymaker, Walters and Hyatt,
Did limber up their joints;
And all of them succeeded
In getting second or third place points.
Soon over the rooters' faces,
Came many a happy smile;
As Percy came across the tape,
With the first place in the mile.
And the smiles kept on expanding,
When Smith appeared in the race;
For then it was a certainty
That in the mile, two men would place.
Then Millard in the high jump,
And the team in the relay;
All helped to make us justly proud,
Of this third Semi-Annual Field Day.

ments would increase. This year Kenilworth Park was secured but this is quite a distance from the school and much valuable time was lost in going to and fro. There are many odd moments which might be well employed if the track were on the school grounds.

It should also be possible for the school to have a gymnasium in connection with athletics. Gymnasium work is very essential to good training and a gymnasium with a competent instructor would be one of the finest things in the promotion of athletic spirit.

The High School building should be one which people would be proud to show to visitors but what resident of Petaluma would be proud to take a friend to look at our present school, with its old style, its cracked paint and the bleak surrounding grounds? Upon entering the building the eye cannot fail to notice the lack of accommodations.

On each side of the present building we have what are called fire escapes but which might better be called fire traps for they are built of wood and are so extremely steep that in the excitement which would be sure to follow an outbreak of fire, there would be such a jam on the fire escapes that many would be thrown down and there would be fearful fatalities which might easily have been prevented by the erection of a modern building with modern equipment for the safety of the students.

The grounds about the new High School building should be laid out with lawns and gardens in front so that a visitor would be impressed with the appearance of the building. The interior of the building should leave an impression in harmony with that obtained from the outside. Large and roomy classrooms; up-to-date laboratories with modern appliances and a Commercial Department with the typewriting room situated so that its clatter would not interrupt recitations. There are also several more appliances which should be included in the Commercial Department. There should be a large drawing room where the models might be left without danger of being disturbed. The Music class should have a special room for drill.

There are probably many of the taxpayers of Petaluma who do not realize the necessity of a new building but if every one would visit the present High School and observe the existing conditions, it would be only a short time until Petaluma would have a High School of which everyone would be proud and the results gained would more than repay the expense.

ATHLETICS

FOR the first time in years Petaluma has added to her reputation upon the track. Had the people of Petaluma been told a year ago that it was possible for Petaluma to win second place in a field meet, they would have laughed in scorn, but this year the impossible happened.

The result was very encouraging and a new spirit was revived in athletic circles. Training was commenced with a large squad on the track and under the coaching of Dr. James Anderson and Thomas McGuire, who very kindly offered their services, a splendid team was being rounded into form.

But then came the usual relapse in Petaluma's athletics. The number of boys in actual training decreased until there were only a very few who were really working, but these few were the ones who made the points in all the meets.

There is nothing which gives a school such a recognition as does its athletic achievements. Petaluma's record has not been very high but if everyone would turn out and train faithfully, P. H. S. would soon come to the front. To turn out a good athelete requires time and every boy should begin training in his first year because the school needs the reputation which he could win by training faithfully for two or three years.

There should be a spirit of loyalty to the school and every boy should stand ready to do his duty for dear old Petaluma High.

AGRICULTURE

THIS year there was introduced into the school a class in agriculture. This is a department has been making rapid advances in high schools and its introduction marks another step forward in the progress of the Petaluma High School. The class this year was under the very efficient supervision of Mr. Passmore.

The course consists in a study from the text books and also the practical knowledge gained from the work in the agricultural gardens. A small piece of land was secured for the class this year and here various plants and vegetables were grown; and their nature and characteristics studied.

Owing to the lack of facilities in the school it was impossible for the class this year to secure laboratory work, which consists in analysis of the soils and the determination of what soil is best for the various plants. In the new High School, such accommodations would, of course, be provided.

The class is sure to become one of the most popular in the school and next year should see a large number of pupils enrolled for it.

PURE FOOD SHOW

DURING the present year there was held in this city a Pure Food Exposition. The High School had an exhibit of High School work, such as free hand drawing, mechanical drawing, and typewritten work done by the Commercial Department. The Agricultural class had an exhibit of products from the Agricultural Garden, this being the first time this class ever exhibited.

The work was artistically arranged in a booth, which was carefully prepared by the teachers. Blue ribbons were awarded some of the Commercial work. Visitors to the Exposition were enabled to gain an idea of some of the work done by the students in several lines.

The drawing is practically a new course in the High School, having been introduced only two years ago, but it is already becoming one of the most prominent. Several of the students have excellent artistic abilities, as shown by the work exhibited at the Pure Food Show, and after a few years of this work they will have greatly developed their abilities.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THERE are usually several entertainments presented by the students during the year. The proceeds of the entertainments are used generally in the promotion of athletics or the production of the High School paper, the Enterprise. It is always necessary to charge for any entertainments given because of the high rent we must pay for any hall in which to give them.

If the High School had a large gymnasium in which the students could present their entertainments, it would be possible to give free programs from time to time. Everyone could attend on these occasions and would thus keep in touch with the students and with student affairs.

We earnestly hope that with the erection of a new High School such a plan will be carried out and feel sure that it would bring about a closer relationship between the students and the people.

FAREWELL OF 1911

AFTER four short years of pleasant work in the Petaluma High School, the Class of 1911 is now about to enter into a broader field. As we advance along the path of life there will be many times when we shall look back upon the days we spent in High School, and as we think of the teachers who worked so patiently with us, we will utter a vote of thanks and wonder how it shall ever be possible for us to repay them.

We shall miss the old familiar scenes and the routine of our day's work. Many pleasant times have we spent with our fellow students. We wish to thank the Board of Education, and through them the people of Petaluma, who have furnished us the means which have helped us to prepare for our future work. But now our work is closed. Teachers and fellow students, the Class of 1911 bids you all Farewell.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

THE Commercial Department of the Petaluma High School reports another year of progress. Attendance has increased steadily each year for the last seven years, for which period of time it has been under the same teacher. The advantages and inducements of this department for the boy or girl who wishes to enter successfully into the business world are universally recognized. The department is conducted on a high plane and is now the equal of any in the state. The growth and success of the Commercial Department is largely due to the excellent supervision of the same by A. B. Way. Mr. Way is not only an able and thorough instructor, but a real friend to all his pupils.

The department has kept up its practice of making some exhibit at gatherings of importance where patrons of the school would be in attendance and has this year made a display at the Pure Food Show of the work done by the students in typewriting and mimeographing. A blue ribbon was won for this display. Through some misfortune the display sent to the fair at Seattle never got back so it has been necessary to collect entirely new material this year.

The souvenir of the Department is "Type Writer Tappings," a collection of about seventy pages of high grade work on the typewriter and mimeograph, including border designs, full page display work, two-color work in ornamental designs, and mimeograph drawings. This book is the property of the person making it, not a gift prepared by someone else. It is an index of the owner's ability to handle the machine.

At the beginning of the year the Board of Education authorized the exchange of the old machines in part payment of new ones. There are now fourteen machines in constant use. Four of these are No. 10 Smith Premier, four are No. 5 Underwood and four No. 10 Remington. All of these are new and are a real addition to the Department. We also have two of the old style Remingtons, commonly known as "blind writers," to distinguish them from the new "visible writing machines."

A Burrough's Adding machine was left with the school on trial and it has won its way to the hearts of the students. It is a seven-row machine and the students have learned to use it rapidly in adding long columns, in multiplication, subtraction, and in such special work as adding hours and minutes in keeping the time of employees, in horizontal and vertical addition. Long live the Burrough's Adder!

As evidence of the crowded condition of the Department we cite the conditions during the entire afternoon. After the Arithmetic class, fifty-four have registered in this class during the term, the room is filled for the remainder of the day with prospective book-keepers. There have been four grades of students in the room during the rest of the day. Things have been lively there and the instructor has complained because he could not do more than three or four things at once since the term opened.

The last five weeks is taken up with Business Practice. This is the whirlwind season of the whole year. A big day's work is outlined for each day and if mistakes or delays creep in it means a "mid-night session" to catch up. It is the best part of the year, however, and no one would miss it despite the rush and excitement attendant on the closing hours of the course. All hail, the Commercial Department! We have been there and we like it!



Ethel Hall
Jaunita Church

Roy Hyatt

Hazel Page
Charlotte Asherman



Will Foster

Edyth Bryan

Viola Zumwalt

Stella Barloggi



EXCHANGES



NAPANEE—December 1910—Napa High School.

Your paper is very neat in appearance but a few more cuts would add to its attractiveness. "Under the Golden Gate" is a very interesting story. How about putting all the advertisements in the back of the paper?

OLLA PODRIDA—November 1910—Berkeley High School.

Your cover design is very appropriate and your cuts are very good. "Nothin' to do," is a very interesting story but it would seem in a school of your size, you might have more stories.

THE ADVANCE — June 1910 — Arcata Union High School.

Your paper would be improved by the use of a better grade of paper. It would be better to allow a little more space between the titles of the stories and the stories themselves. You are rather lacking in joshes.

THE GOLDEN BEAR—June 1910—Sonoma High School.

The appearance of your paper would be improved by a few more cuts at the beginning of the departments. The quality of your cuts might also be improved. "Man's a Man for a' That" is a very good story. Where are your table of contents and your exchange departments?

THE ILEX—December 1910—Woodland High School.

Your literary department is very good. There is plenty of room for more cuts, however, and the number of your joshes is rather small. Wake up, Ilex, as we will expect a large improvement the next time.

THE ITEM—February 1911 — Pasadena High School.

You should keep all of your advertisements in the back of your book. Otherwise your paper is very neat and well edited. "Why is a Crowded School" is a very clever story.

THE LOWELL—October 1910 — Lowell High School, San Francisco.

Why not put all of the advertisements in the back of the book? Your cuts are very good but your departments might be better arranged. You should have more jokes.

THE OAK — Washington Introductory High School.—Berkeley.

We are glad to see you editing a paper and were especially pleased to notice the improvement of your second paper over the first. Keep up the good work and you will soon have a fine little paper.

THE POLYTECHNIC—December 1910—Polytechnic High School, San Francisco

Your cover design is very good. Your cartoons are clever and the cuts are excellent. A few more stories would add to the paper. On the whole your paper is the best that has reached our desk this year.

THE POLY HIGH — March 1911 — Los Angeles Polytechnic High School.

Your paper is rather small but very well arranged. A few cuts would add to the appearance of the paper.

THE SKIRMISHER — December 1910—St. Matthew's Academy, Burlingame, Cal.

Your paper on the whole is very good and the literary and exchange departments are exceptionally well handled. It is almost impossible to make a criticism.

THE SOTOYOMAN—June 1910—Healdsburg High School.

Healdsburg, you do very well to publish a monthly paper. A few more cuts of better quality would improve the appearance of your paper.

THE TIGER — December 1910 — Lick High School, S. F.

The appearance of your paper would be greatly improved by a few more cuts. "The Yellow Streak" is a very good story. The exchange department is ably handled.

THE WILMERDING LIFE — December 1910—Wilmerding School, S. F.

You have a very good paper. Your literary department is very good. The cuts are exceptionally clear and distinct. We are always glad to welcome your paper to our desk.

AS SEEN BY OTHERS

A self-important, would-be star,
Who oftimes stutters slightly; (?)
Another none the less conceited lad,
Whose hair shines, Oh, so brightly.
A quiet and good natured chap,
Who on victory, always, is intent;
Another tall and modest lad,
Who in center only, is content.
And last of all, but not the least,
Comes the agile and well-liked "Mits;"
And also that jovial substitute,
Who the name of "Ramie" fits.
Now in reading this description,
Can you tell whom I mean?
If you can't, then I will tell you;
It's the Boys' Basket Ball Team.

SCHOOL NOTES

On Monday the 8th day of August the P. H. S. reopened for the Fall Term. Many changes have taken place in our faculty this year. Miss Helen M. Perkins, the head of the English department, left us at the opening of school owing to illness and Miss Anita De Laguna was engaged to substitute in her place. Miss De Laguna stayed with us several weeks and then left to assume her position at Lakeport High.

Miss Elizabeth Everett was elected to fill the vacancy and assumed her new duties in a very efficient manner.

The next event of importance, during the term was the election of officers by the different classes, which resulted as follows:

Seniors

President—Percy Mills.

Vice President—Mary Connolly.

Secretary & Treasurer—Enid Dorroh.

Athletic Representative—Lillian Keller

Juniors

President—Lois Purvine.

Vice President—Genevieve Gallagher.

Secretary & Treasurer—Leola Pinger.

Athletic Representative—Herman Raymaker.

Sergent at Arms—Will Symons.

Sophomores

President—Benson Bachelor.

Vice President—Marion Orr.

Secretary & Treasurer—Charlotte Chamberlin.

Athletic Representative—Harry Brown

Freshmen.

President—Earl Doss.

Vice President—Roy Miller.

Secretary & Treasurer—Ida Jones.

Athletic Representative — Ralph Tanner.

Miss Helen Prutzman has organized a High School Glee Club which has taken part in several of the monthly programs.

The Senior Class lost one of its favorite members when Miss Letha Needham left school. She is now attending Willows High School.

On the night of Dec. 15th the Students gave an entertainment under the auspices of the Athletic Association. An original farce entitled "Speedo Raymaker" was put on and also the farce called "A Case of Suspension." The entertainment was given at the Unique Theater and was well presented. A neat sum was realized for the promotion of athletics.

The track team mourns the loss of its efficient ex-captain, Vernet Smith, who is now attending school in San Diego.

Prof. Martin Singer who for years was the head of the Latin department in our school resigned his position at the end of the fall term to take up other work. Miss Elza Schluckebier was elected by the Board of Education to occupy his place.

Several large rallies were held during the year, by the students, before the field days and a huge bon fire was kindled at each. The students always enjoy themselves at these rallies and we hope they will continue to hold them, in the future.

During the year the different classes held numerous pie, candy and sandwich sales and the Junior Class even held a Pure Food Sale, which presumably was running in opposition to the Pure Food Show.

DOINGS

The students of the P. H. S. have adhered to the old saying of

Come, and trip it as ye go,

On the light fantastic toe.

The Sophomores started the social ball rolling by giving a dance at Woodmen Hall on the night of September 2, 1910. This was a decided social success and everyone was looking forward for more of these pleasant affairs. The Senior Class took up the matter of social functions where the Sophomores left off, and they gave many enjoyable dances. Their first one was given on Sept. 16, at Woodmen Hall and the proceeds went toward defraying the expenses of publishing the school paper. The next dance was given on the night of Oct. 15, in honor of the track team and it was one of the most delightful social functions of the season. Many out of town guests were present, and many of the visiting atheletes from the other schools. On the 4th of September the Seniors decided to give a Masquerade ball and this was well attended and was both a social and financial success. Both students and faculty took part in the fun and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all. Just before the closing of the school for the Christmas holidays, a shirtwaist dance was given at I. O. G. T. hall, and was greatly enjoyed.

The Executive Committee of the Athletic Association of the P. H. S. formed a Social Corporation on Feb. 9, and gave a dance on the night of Feb. 10, which was well attended.

The Sophomores gave the annual Freshman Reception on Feb. 17th at Woodmen Hall. The hall was beautifully and artistically decorated in the class colors and greens. Music was furnished by Paulsen's orchestra and a most pleasant and enjoyable evening was spent by the tots and grown-ups.

The Junior Class of 1910 gave one of the most pleasant Senior Receptions ever given. It took place on May 27, 1910, at Woodmen Hall and about 250 guests were present. The hall was beautifully decorated in purple and gold, the senior colors, and presented a very charming appearance. Music for dancing was furnished by Smith's orchestra.

On the evening of March 14th the Junior Class gave a banquet and social evening at the High School in honor of Miss Helen Perkins, our former English teacher, who was here on a visit. Covers were laid for about fifty guests and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all present.

The faculty of our school tendered the members of the boys' Basket Ball team, a banquet at the home of Mrs. Cheesewright on the evening of Feb. 17th. Those present were the members of the faculty and the team. After dinner speeches were made by the boys and they all declared that they had 'the time of their lives." After the banquet the boys and teachers all attended the reception that the Sophomore Class was giving to the Freshmen at Woodman hall.

TRACK LUCK

The boys of our track team
Some great deeds have done,
And when they have lost not,
They always have won.

Last fall the big field meet
On our own track was held.
Our hopes ran so high
That we stood up and yelled.

A tightening of muscles,
A bang of the gun,
A short flash of "Sunshine",
And the fifty yard's won.

Then Walters, the vaulters
Beat, all except one,
And Herman came third
In the four-forty run.

Harry won the eight-eighty
And did it up Brown.
Mills hit up the mile,
(And later the town.)

We had won second place,
From our hoodoo were freed.
No wonder we "Boom-ah'd"
And "Whiskety-wee'd."

This spring to Ukiah
The boys took their way,
And in order to win more
Ate nothing all day.

In half-starved condition
They were set loose on the track;
We started them out
And then watched them come back.

Our Harry stood by us
And won him a place;
And now we're afraid
Percy loses his race.

Ye shades of Olympus!
Ye stern rockbound hills!
One last desperate dash
And the mile's won by Mills.

And then with the weights
Our man "Pierced" the air,
And brought back five points
A pretty good share.

We didn't quite win
If the truth must be said,
But we came very near it,
(Only three schools ahead).

Next they went to Benicia,
Must this tale be sung?
The long and the short,
And the sideways is—stung!

Before we recovered,
Mills, Cromwell and Brown
Were sent down to Berkeley
To win them renown.

Now some U of C "frat" boys
Entertained them in style,
And at night, fearing dullness,
Kept them out a short (?) while.

Then the next day at lunch-time
Our boys looked so thin
That they fed them up well
Ere the meet should begin.

But for a' that our Percy
Was able to run.
And in the two mile, but
For one would have won.

By this he won glory
And a medal brought back,
To put with two others
He'd won on the track.

Are we proud of our boys?
Well I rather guess yes!
It took a whole period
Our joy to express.

Dame Fortune has thrown
Some boquets in our lap,
The Petaluma High School
Is now on the map.

Frances Brown.



ATHLETICS

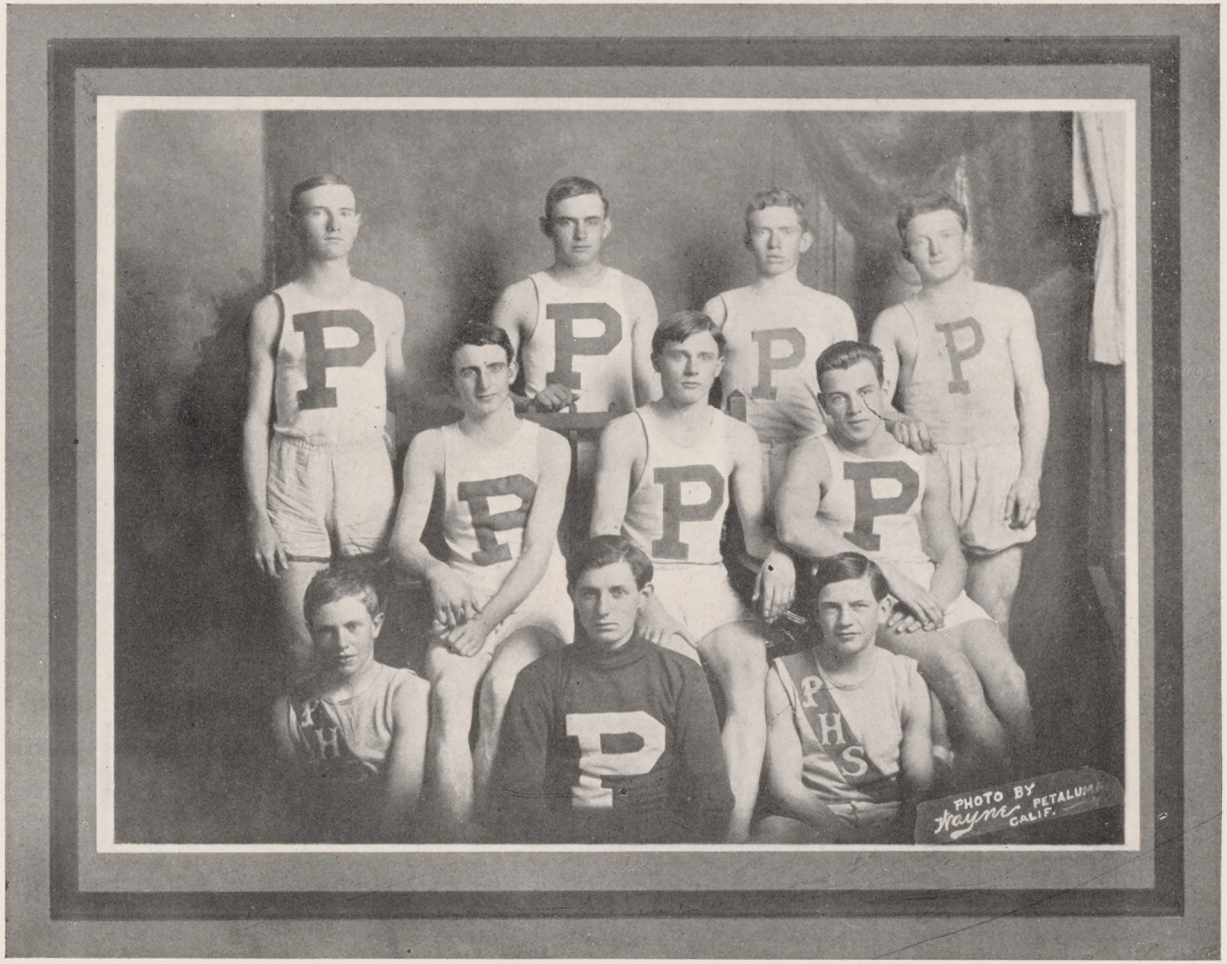
TRACK

NO sooner had the doors of the P. H. S. swung open in welcome to the students, in August, than there was great enthusiasm shown among the boys in regard to all athletic activities. Both on field and track the boys have shown up in better form than they have done for many a year. At a meeting of the track team, Vernet Smith was elected track captain and Percy Mills was elected manager a short time after. Active training was now commenced and a large training squad turned out.

On September 30, the A. A. L. indoor meet was held in the Auditorium in San Francisco and Petaluma sent a team of six men. Although they made no points still they gained considerable experience and this helped them greatly in the next meet.

THE FALL MEET.

At a meeting of the delegates from the various schools in the Northwestern Sub-League, which was held in Petaluma, it



Vernet Smith, Capt Roy Hyatt, Harry Brown, Carleton Dorroh
Willard Brunson, Martin Walters, Claire Peck
Percy Mills, Mgr. Herman Raymaker Wallace Adams

was decided to hold the Fall meet in this city on the 15th of October. As soon as the date was set a team was picked out to represent Petaluma and the following composed the team: Smith, Brown, Mills, Dorroh, W. Adams, Brunson, Walters, Peck, Hyatt, Raymaker and Anderson. Petaluma surprised herself and everyone else by carrying away second place in the meet with a total of 34 points. Santa Rosa secured first place.

The Petaluma winners and points won were:

Mills—Mile 5; 120 hurdles, 2.

Dorroh—50 yd. dash, 5; 100 yd. dash,

Brown—880 yd. run, 5.

Smith—Mile, 2.

Raymaker—440 yd. dash, 2.

Hyatt—220 hurdles, 2.

Walters—Pole vault, 3.

Brunson—High jump, 1.

Relay Team—6.

Total—34.

There was considerable enthusiasm shown over the boys' splendid work and at the rally the following Monday, several of the Alumni offered the boys their services and assistance to help the team keep up its newly made record. At a meeting of the track team a few days later Harry Brown was chosen track captain for the next season.

THE SPRING MEET.

The Spring field meet was held at Ukiah on the 1st of April and Petaluma sent a team to take part. The boys had not been training as well as they might have and this is shown by their standing in the meet. Petaluma secured fourth place with a total of 16½ points. We wish, here, to thank Dr. James Anderson and Thos. McGuire for their kind interest in the boys of our school and we hope that the boys will also appreciate their kindness and do better in the next meets. These two gentlemen assisted the boys willingly in all their track work but the boys did not train as willingly and faithfully as they might have and this accounts for their not making a better showing in the Spring meet. The point winners and points won were:

Cromwell—Discus, 2; Shot, 3.

Brown—880 yd. run, 3.

Mills—Mile run, 5.

Walters—Pole Vault, 2.

Raymaker—440 yd. dash, ½.

Total—16½.

BERKELEY INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET.

Percy Mills, Pierce Cromwell and Harry Brown were the representatives sent from our school to the Interscholastic Meet held in Berkeley on April 29th. Although Cromwell and Brown did not place in this meet we are glad to say that Mills made one of the best showing of the day. He entered the two mile race and was a close second at the finish. The finish of this race was the best one of the day. The man who won first place in this race was only a few inches in advance of Mills, and many of the spectators declared it was a tie. We obtained three points in this race and Percy Mills is now the possessor of a silver medal for his work.

BASKET BALL.

The Basket Ball team this season was certainly one to be proud of. The boys began to practice as soon as the fall track meet was over. Kennilworth pavillion was secured for practice and under the efficient leadership of Captain Clair Peck, the boys soon rounded a team into form. Some difficulty was experienced in practicing, because a number of boys had to come three and four miles to practice, but they came rain or shine and their brilliant record is one that will not be forgotten for some time to come. They won the championship of the county and also

of the Northwestern Sub-League of the A. A. L.

Medals were given them by the league for their splendid work. The following composed the team during the first half of the season:

Center—Herman Raymaker.

Guards—Harold Madison and Carleton Dorroh.

Forwards—Clair Peck and Martin Walters.

Substitute—Harry Brown.

During the last half of the season the team was as follows:

Center—Robert Adams.

Guards—Harold Madison and Carelton Dorroh, (Mgr).

Forwards—Clair Peck (captain), and Martin Walters.

Substitute—Raymaker.

The first game was played at Sebastopol on Nov. 18th, with Analy High and Analy went down to defeat by a score of 38-16. In a close and exciting game at Dreamland rink on Dec. 3, Petaluma defeated their old rivals, Santa Rosa High, by a score of 24-21. At Sebastopol, Jan. 7, the Gold Ridge team fell a victim to the P. H. S. with a score of 65-12. Next, Healdsburg High forfeited a game and on Jan. 20, the team of Co. E, Santa Rosa, went down to defeat with the score of 40-10. On Jan. 27, our team journeyed to Santa Rosa and the Santa Rosa High team again met their Waterloo by a score of 23-18. The next team that bowed their heads to defeat was the St. Mary's College team and the score was 28 to 19 in our favor. Our team was now out for championship honors and obtained them by going to San Rafael, Feb. 11, and defeating the Mt. Tamalpias Military Academy team, to the tune of 27 to 13. Having won this game they were now out for the state honors, being among the five strongest teams in the state. We did not succeed in this, however, for on Feb. 22, our team went down to defeat to the San Mateo team, in San Rafael, by a score of 46-34. The season was now closed as the time was being taken up with the Spring track work, so Basket Ball was dropped. After a meeting had been called, Martin Walter was elected captain for the following season. We all wish "Mits" the greatest possible success during his captaincy.

BASEBALL

Owing to the fact that the Baseball season came shortly after the annual High School paper went into print, no mention was made of the success of last year's Baseball team. At the beginning of the season Bill Cannon was elected captain and by steady practice he turned out a very good team. Vernet Smith and Carleton Dorroh were the batteries for the team. The following games were played and all were won by Petaluma:

Sebastopol, 2; Petaluma, 4.

San Rafael, 9—Petaluma, 10.

Sebastopol, 5; Petaluma 8.

Santa Rosa, 3; Petaluma, 7.

Sonoma forfeited their game, thus giving it to Petaluma with a score of 9 to 0. At the close of the season Millard Brunson was elected to the captaincy of the team for the season of 1911.



Harold Madison, Claire Peck, Capt. Carleton Dorroh, Mgr. Martin Walters, Herman Raymaker.

O U SENIOR CLASS

There is a young lady named Keller,
Who is a jolly good yeller,
She was in a play
But to our dismay
She looked so old you scarcely could tell her.

2.

Ethyl Cannon is a lassie,
Who is said, by some, to be classy,
She comes in on the train
From a distant lane,
And gets along swell with Passie.

3.

Clifford was the noble lad,
Who started, at High, the pompadour fad,
His heart did whirl
For a certain girl,
He was often happy, but seldom sad.

4.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Had eyes of deepest blue,
She was not small
And yet not tall,
And wore a suit of greenish hue.

5.

There was a maid serene,
Who is known to us as Irene,
She has curly hair,
Is tall, and quite fair,
But by some she is called, "String-bean."

6.

Percy is the little chap,
Who is full of business, vim and snap,
He makes many smile
When he wins the mile,
While others stand by and clap.

7.

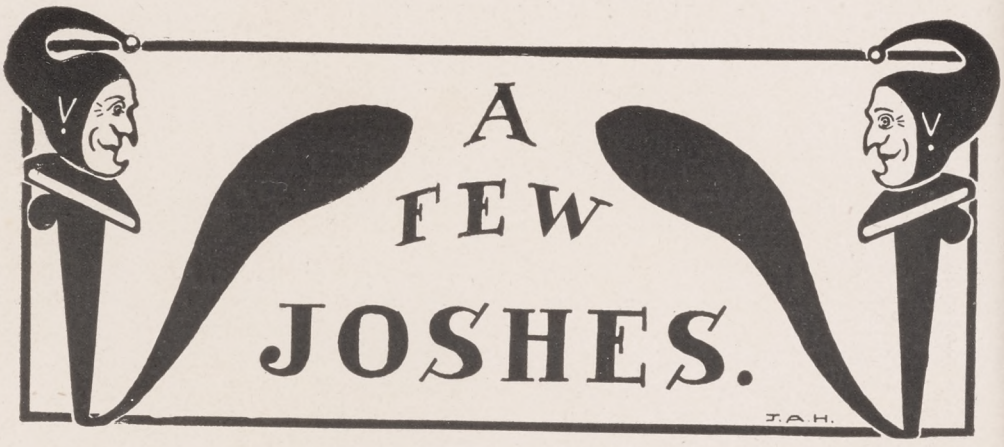
Enid, oh, Enid, why do you laugh?
And why does your face wear a smile?
You giggle and giggle
From morning till night,
And thus do the hours beguile.

8.

Mildred Herbert was a maid
Who from Penngrove did come,
She was full of the dickens,
Went to bed with the chickens,
And rose up at morn with the sun.

9.

There was a young fellow called Willie,
Who by some was thought to be silly,
One could see at a glance
That when he had the chance,
He'd never allow a maid to get chilly.



A school paper's a great invention,
The staff gets all the fame—
The printer gets the money,
And the editor gets all the blame.—Ex.

Miss Everett (in English): Will each member of the class tell me what musical instrument you play?

Carleton (after considerable hesitation) Well, Bob Adams plays the cornet and Harry Brown the mandolin.

Bob (in low voice): Yes and Fitz plays the piano when he has a nickle.

"What is that noise I hear?" Squeak!
Squeak!
Ah! I know now, it's little Zeke,
As he slides so very gently o'er the floor,
His shoes squeak like the rusty hinges of
a door.

Fresh: (inquisitively): "What was Fitz put out of the Basket Ball team for last night?"

Jeff Cline: "For unnecessary roughness. He hadn't shaved for three days."

Miss Watkins: "What is an east wind?"

Bill Loftus: "A wind that comes from the west."

Corporal (to private on guard duty): "Your rank?"

Private: "I know it."

Fickle Fame.

When I was a wee green Freshman,
I had designs on Fame;
A high and mighty Sophomore,
I felt about the same.
I got to be a Junior,
By skinning all my teeth,
And if I land the sheepskin,
You can ditch the laurel wreath.
—Ex.

Miss Everett: "Carter, can you give us two synonyms?"

Carter: "Yes; croak and die."

Mr. Singer (in U. S. History): "What are the public utilities?"

Mildred H.: "The mayor, the supervisors—"

Mr. Singer: "No."

Ansel H.: "The Board of Health and the School Board."

Virgil Skinner was making unnecessary noise in the library and Miss Everett came near asking him if he was the skeleton in the closet. Virgil, however, assured her that he belonged there.

B. Bachelor (to salesman): "I wish to buy a hat."

Salesman: "What kind, please?"

B. Bachelor: "Oh, to match my head."

Salesman: "Just this way, and I'll show you my line of soft hats."

(Millie was trying to get through a narrow place.) Fitz: "Pretty tight squeeze isn't it, Millie?"

Millie: "Oh, no, I've been in tighter."

There is a young dandy named Ramie,
Who for mischief gets all the blamie;
He's a vellie bad boy
All fillie with joy,
But a game sport he is all the samie.

Freshie: "Oh, look at that large leman squeezer."

Senior: "Sh—, not so loud; that's Mr. Passmore."

Millard was out seeing the sights with a friend of his in the city. His friend, not wishing to miss any place of interest asked, "Do you remember Grace Church?"

"I'm not certain," answered Millard, "which company was she in?"

A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in a vial
And after a while
They found his front teeth and one cuff.

Miss Everett: "John, do you like Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn?"

John: "Yes, but I like the tales of a roadhouse better."

Mr. Passmore: (in law): "What is a legal blank?"

Bright Pupil: "A legal blank is a lawyer who never gets a case."

SOME FRESHIE DON'TS.

1. Don't start the habit of dancing on the upper classmen's feet. Keep on your own.

2. Don't make faces behind your teachers' backs. Their eyes are in front and they can't appreciate the cleverness.

3. Don't bring your gum to school Stick it under tne table before leaving home; it will probably be there when you get back.

4. Don't sharpen your pencil too often. We realize the amusement, but it's expensive.

5. Don't tell Mr. Passmore you've lost your handkerchief. He won't lend you his.

6. Don't stick around the Seniors. You're sure to show your ignorance.

7. Don't wipe your pen on your socks. They've been dyed before.

8. Don't queen, but of course, that's understood.

9. Don't be continually smoothing your trouser's creases. We appreciate their length.

10. Don't squander your dad's hard-earned nickles, except to treat the upper classmen.

Letha N: "Has Rhode Island two capitals?"

Mr. Singer: "Not that I know of."

Bill Loftus: "Yes, it has a capital R and I."

There is some question as to why, on a certain day in March, Ansel Hardin whistled the tune of "My wife's gone to the country."

Mr. Passmore: "Who won the battle between the Wasp and the Frolic?"

John M.: "The Chesapeake."

SOME BAD CHECKS PASSED ON MR. PASSMORE

Pupils being absent or tardy are required to sign a check giving excuse. The following are some of the bad ones passed:

Name—Enid Dorroh.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—Forgot to get up.

Name—Lillian Keller.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—Had to stay home and bake.

Name—Kathleen Hall.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—Broken shoe lace.

Name—Mildred Herbert.
Item—Absent.
Excuse—Roads were muddy.

Name—Pierce Cromwell.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—Overslept.

Name—Evan Robertson.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—Shoes and clothes were wet; had to dry them.

Name—Guy Smith.
Item—Absent 1 day.
Excuse—"I was called to court."

Name—Martin Walters.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—Taking shower.

Name—Bradford Scudder.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—Detained by giving sick horse dope .

Name—John Menary.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—Primping.

Name—Martin Walters.
Item—Absent ½ day.
Excuse—Under doctor's orders.

Name—Irene Haran.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—Bridge gone.

Name—Lois Purvine.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—HAD A HOT BOX.

Name—Irene Haran.
Item—Tardy twice.
Excuse—Broken wheel.

Name—Carter Phair.
Item—Tardy twice.
Excuse—Got up late; had to go after cow.

Name—Evan Robertson.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—Tying up laundry.

Name—Clarence Felton.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—Brought turkeys to market.

Name—Ruth Connolly.
Item—Absent ½ day.
Excuse—Had to stay home to take care of the children while mother went to a funeral.

Name—J. W. Scudder.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—Balky horse.

Name—Elwyn Husler.
Item—Tardy.
Excuse—Late dinner.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR RENT—My privelege of entertaining after school, in the Study Hall.
Marion Orr.

LOST—My pompadour. Percy Mills.

WANTED—Someone to show Millie how to get a bustle on.
Barry L. Townsley.

WANTED—Someone to listen to me shoot hot air. Carleton Dorroh.

FOR RENT—My lavender dress.
Ethyl Cannon.

FOUND—My ideal of a man.
Ruth Oelig.

WANTED—Someone to amuse.
Pierce Cromwell.

FOUND—A new way to comb my hair.
Ruth Connolly.

Our Ideal Boy.

Feet—John Menary.
Form—Mr. Passmore.
Hands—Oliver LeFebvre.
Arms—Herman Raymaker.
Hair—Bradford Scudder.
Ears—Ray Murphy.
Eyes—Evan Robertson.
Mouth—Harry Brown.
Smile—Carleton Dorroh.
Nose—Pierce Cromwell.
Brain—Ansel Hardin.
Voice—Percy Mills.
Style—Jared Scudder.
Complexion—Clifford Allen.
Size—Fat Doss.
Innocence—Will Loftus.

Our Ideal Girl.

Feet—Lois Brown.
Form—Madge Giberson.
Hands—Florence Murphy.
Arms—Irene Haran.
Hair—Margaret Schweers.
Ears—Jerry Hall.
Eyes—Mildred Herbert.
Mouth—Edith Voris.
Smile—Enid Dorroh.
Nose—Alice Hunt.
Brain—Lena Brown.
Voice—Miss Prutzman.
Style—Frances Gonsalves.
Complexion—Mary Connolly.
Size—Velma Benson.
Innocence—Lillian Keller.

Carleton on the morning after his first appearence on the stage, in "A Case of Suspension" asked a friend of his, "What do you think of my acting?"

"That wasn't acting," replied the friend, "That was misbehavior."

Mr. Singer (in U. S. History): "What was Patrick Henry's famous speech?"

Ansel H.: "Caesar had his Brutus. Charles the First his Cromwell and George the third had treason."

Freshie: "They say this fellow Orr has all the girls stuck on him."

Sophomore: "Who said so?"

Freshie: "Well er— let me think,— Oh, yes; it was Orr himself."

Freshie (looking across the yard): "Is that the house where the boys rub down?"

Jeff: "No, you boob, that's Fat Robertson."

CHART

Name	Failing	Redeeming feature	Favorite Expression	Usually	Eventually
Clifford Allen	Girls	His Pompadour	"Zum Henker"	Escorting young ladies to the car	B. A.—M. A.—M. D.
Ethyl Cannon	Santa Rosa	Her loving way	"Oh! the little fool."	Cutting	Ask them
Irene Haran	Getting to school early	Her eyes	"Nifty"		
Will Loftus	Sound sense	His windy pants	I love my wife, but oh you kid	Queening	A sport
Mary Connolly	Just one	Her sunny smile	The little nin."	Laughing at Pierce	Incomprehensible
Lillian Keller	Cutting up	Her curly hair	"Ye Gods"		
Percy Mills	His height	His hot socks	"Alle Wetter"	With Frances	A lawyer
Mildred Herbert	Her rat	Her good nature	"Oh, Fudge"	Fixing her rat	Pres. Penngrove Ladies Improvem'nt club
Enid Dorroh	Talking	Her giggle	"Well I'll be"	Giggling	A little cottage among the chickens

ALUMNI

Class of '75.

Mrs. Jennie Otis McNear, Deceased.
Ed. D. Hedges, Camm & Hedges Lumber Co., Petaluma.
Irving Ranard, Bookkeeper in Hanford.
Mrs. Jennie Gilbert Faive, Deceased.

Class of '76.

Mrs. Emma Elder Cady, Petaluma
Arthur L. Whitney, Insurance Broker, San Francisco.
John P. Craig, Theatrical Critic, Petaluma.
Mrs. Mary Hinkle Zook, San Rafael.
Chas. F. Munday, Attorney in Seattle.
Ed. Chapman, Residing in the east.
Marie Fuller, Deceased.
Mrs. Nellie Morse Van Arsdale, Deceased

Class of '77.

Lester Towne, Deceased.
Frank A. Cromwell, Attorney, Petaluma.
Allie Berger, San Francisco.
Louis Valentine, Lawyer in Los Angeles.
Mrs. Fanny Davidson Cooper, San Francisco.
Mrs. Sadie Wright Sheldon, Oakland.
Mrs. Mattie Young Davis, Berkeley.
Frank Towne, San Bernardino.
George Jewell, Humboldt County.
John Naughton, Attorney, San Francisco.
Mary Ward, Oregon.
Mrs. Clara Sproule Ivancovich, Petaluma.
J. A. Green, Druggist in Sacramento.
Mrs. Etta Elder Munson, Oakland.
Mrs. Alice Walker January, Deceased.

Class of '78.

Mrs. Kate Zartman Rankin, Petaluma.
Walter Hinkle, Deceased.
Mrs. Ella Gale McPhail, Teacher near Petaluma.
Gil P. Hall, Attorney in Petaluma.
Geo. W. Gaston, Rancher in Two Rock.
Mrs. Louise Brown Hall, Petaluma.

Class of '79.

Mrs. Mattie Thompson Fairbrother, Portland, Ore.
Ed. S. Lippitt, Prof. of Music in Petaluma.
Jennie Cavanagh, Bookkeeper Cavanagh Lumber Co., Petaluma.
Mrs. Linnie Lawrence Dalton, San Francisco.
Mrs. Nettie Fairbanks Higbee, Petaluma.
Dan Brown, Fresno.
Mrs. Etta Ranard Wright, Hanford.
Mrs. Sadie Rutherford Lightner, San Francisco.
Georgie Reynolds, Santa Rosa.
Wm. Benson, Rancher near Santa Rosa.
Susie Ward, Oregon.
Mrs. Alice Vestal Kopf, Petaluma.
Ed. Carpenter, Deceased.
Arthur L. Pierce, Deceased.
William H. Kelly, Deceased.

Class of '80.

Frederick Wickersham, Deceased.
Charles Towne. Deceased.
Mrs. Nettie Gill Robinson, Deceased.
Mrs Laura Benson Ward, Residing near Santa Rosa.
Mrs. Rose Miller Shiack, Seattle.
Leo Reynolds, Santa Rosa.
Mrs. Mary Casey Kinslow, Santa Rosa.
Alice Munday, Teacher in Seattle.
Mrs. Mattie Benson Miller, Residing between Sonoma and Napa.

Mrs. Edee Holton Nelson, San Francisco.
Mrs. Carrie Cadwell Atwater, Petaluma.
Joe Bernard, State of Washington.
Mrs. Eva Barlow Mordecai, Petaluma.
Mrs. Rose Hewitt Alexander, San Rafael.

Class of '81.

Mrs. Annie Weeks Jenkins, Deceased.
Charles Miller, Rancher between Sonoma and Napa.
J. W. Lawrence, Rancher at Two Rock.
Mrs. Flora Bowman McCloud, York, Nebraska.
George Davidson, San Francisco.
Mrs. Frances Peters Scott, Novato.
Mrs Eva Maynard Fairbanks, Berkeley.
C. M. C. Peters, Attorney in Shasta.
Henry Cornwall, Deceased.
Melvil Holton, Deceased.

Class of '82.

Anna Casey, Santa Rosa.
Mrs. Minnie Laird Parker, Berkeley.
Mrs. Katie Singley Blake, San Buena Ventura.
Mrs. Florence Towne McAnear, Sacramento.
Lyman Green, Lawyer in Petaluma.
Mrs. Janette Parker Perry, San Francisco.
John R. Denman, Penngrove.
Mrs. Ora Peoples St. John, St. Helena.
George Baxter, Banker in Berkeley.
Mrs. Laura Cavanagh Whitney, Healdsburg.
Mrs. Rose Ayers Blakeley, —
John Kelley, Tiburon.
Mrs. Alice Tuttle Elkins, San Francisco.
Mrs. Kate Mitchell Short,—.
George W. Heald, Deceased.
Luther Jones, Deceased.

Class of '83.

Mrs. Jennie Lovejoy Spotswood, Petaluma
Mrs. Laura Preston Guldager, —.
Mrs. Myrtle Lawrence Winans, Petaluma.
Mrs. Aletha Shattuck Ellsworth, San Francisco.
Dan R. Stewart, Lakeville.
Cassie McGlynn, Petaluma.
Mrs. Lizzie Madler Stafford, Los Angeles.
Charles Egan, Petaluma.
Hattie Wiswell, Petaluma.
Mrs. Wilma Davidson McNab, San Francisco.

Class of '84.

Harry Cox, Deceased.
Bert Kelly, —.
Bertha Camm, San Francisco.
Charles Campbell, Attorney, San Francisco.
Everett Charles, Deceased.
Mrs. Annie Craig Bradley, Ukiah.
Lawrence Thompson, Lawyer, Seattle.
Maggie Carr, Married and residing in Canada.
Thomas Studdert, Petaluma.
William A. Chapman, Petaluma.
Edna Young, —.
Mrs. Lulu Hopkins Zartman, Petaluma.
Theresa Murray, Teacher, Liberty.
Regie Allen, Dentist, Oakland.
Charles Bowman, —.
Mrs. Bessie Brown Gummer, Cement.
Mrs. Fannie Munday Cox, Seattle.
Anna Averill, Berkeley.
Charles Freeman, Ranching near Petaluma.
Emmet Benson, Ranching near Petaluma.
Jamie Allen, Deceased.
Isabel Brown, Deceased.
Thomas Barlow, Deceased.

Class of '85.

Mrs. Florence Mauzy Risk, Near Petaluma.
Charles Lynch, Lawyer, San Francisco.
Emma Peters, Petaluma.
John Peters, Near Petaluma.
George Sweeney, San Francisco.
Albert Corliss, Rancher near Two Rock.
Tarlton Eastman, Berkeley.
Mrs. Nellie Doyle Hood, Santa Rosa.
Stephen Cavanagh, Doctor, Pt. Reyes.
Mrs. Effie Houx, Los Angeles.
Mrs. Lizzie Fairbanks Hill, Petaluma.
Mrs. Cora Derby Benson, Near Petaluma.
James Sweeney, San Francisco.

Elvus Brandon, Near Petaluma.
Johnathan Green, Doctor, San Francisco.
Alice Davidson, Petaluma.

Class of '86.

Mrs. Kate Hinkle Morrow, San Francisco.
Mrs. Gertrude Symonds Green, San Francisco.
Mrs. Nellie Egan McNear, Petaluma.
Kate Goehegan, Teacher, Asti.
Mrs. Jennie Ackerman Patterson, Berkeley.
Richard Craig, —.
Martha Thompson, Petaluma.
Mrs. Helen Graves Byrne, Santa Cruz
Dell Jewell, Oakland.
Mrs. Martha Thays Sales, Petaluma.
Mrs. Juanita Conley Cutting, San Rafael.
Mrs. Rebecca Bowman Shader, Petaluma.
Wallace Thompson, Lawyer, San Francisco.
Alfred Veghte, Residing in the east.
John McCarty, Sausalito.
Mrs. Gertrude Winans Tucker, Willows, Cal.
J. R. Leppo, Lawyer, Santa Rosa.
Harry Gossage, Doctor, Petaluma.
Will Fairbanks, San Francisco.
Mrs. Clara Charles Hangar, Fresno.
Frank Davidson, San Francisco.
Leland Falkner, Deceased.

Class of '87.

William Gentry, Berkeley.
Will De Turk, San Francisco.
Anna McDowell, Nurse,—.
Isidoro J. Cereghino, Lawyer, San Francisco.
Dr. John McNear, Petaluma Garage.
Mrs. Effie Houx Bigelow, Sonoma.
Lulu Leppo, Santa Rosa.
Lina Cox, Los Angeles.
Anna Palmer, Petaluma.
Alfred Borlini, east.
Edwin Heald, Petaluma, postoffice.
Maggie Murray, San Francisco.
Mrs. Libbie Barlow MacNeil, Teacher, Oahu College, Hawaii.
Hugh Miller, Residing in Napa County.
George Miller, Residing in Napa County.
Merton C. Allen, Deceased.
Zoe Clark, Deceased.
Ella Flannery, Residing in the east.
Emma Tupper, Deceased.
Thomas Rutherford, Deceased.
Albion Whitney, Deceased.

Class of '88.

Harry Allen, San Francisco.
Mrs. Gertrude Kuffle Fletcher, —
Alice Brown, Teacher, Petaluma.
Anna Graves, Trained nurse, Alameda.
Bertha Leeds, Teacher, San Francisco.
Mrs. Nannie Mae Lewis Mole, San Francisco.
Ella Cavanagh, Petaluma.
Mrs. Carrie Shaver Jameson, Oakland.
Mrs. Christine Dinsmore Williams, San Francisco.
Stephen Costello, Lawyer, San Francisco.
Mrs. Freda Clemenson, Petaluma.
Birdie Bloom, Deceased.

Class of '89.

Maud Newberry, Teacher, Petaluma.
Christon Maack, Rancher, Marin County.
Emmett Counihan, Corliss Machine Wks., Petaluma.
Carlton Valentine, Los Angeles.
Daniel Egan, Petaluma.
David Reese, San Louis Obispo.
Mrs. Minnie Scott Howard, Petaluma.
Mrs. Josie Davidson Brobeck, Berkeley.
Hall Lewis, San Francisco.
Morton Stockdale, Deceased.

Class of '90.

Mrs. Cora Peoples Chapman, Oakland.
Harry Gwinn, Cashier Petaluma National Bank.
James L. Dinwiddie, Cotati.
Mrs. Etta Miller Gutermute, Petaluma.
Penelope Veghte, Residing in the east. . .
Mary Adams, Teacher in Petaluma Grammar School.
Harry Cox—Deceased.
Bert Kelley, —.

Class of '91.

George Murphy, with McNear Feed Co.
Harry Newburgh, Lawyer, San Francisco.
Mrs. Hattie Allen Marble, Napa.
Arthur Kendall, Rancher.
Arthur Tibbitts, Dentist, Petaluma.
Harry Symonds, Lawyer, San Francisco.
Mrs. Mattie Davidson Delaney, Berkeley.
Emma Cavanagh, Petaluma.
Robert B. Downie, San Francisco.
Mrs. Daisy Show Richards, Sutter Creek.
Edwin S. McGrew, Honolulu.
Eric Maack, Deceased.

Class of '92.

Charles Cleminson, San Rafael.
Mrs. Minnie Warner McCargar, Petaluma.
Elizabeth Whitney, San Francisco.
Jessie Peters, San Francisco.
Henry Gugliemetti, Rancher near Petaluma.
Maude Green, Teacher, Sacramento.
Mrs. Lillie Haskins Gray, Petaluma.
Mrs. Gertrude Hopkins White, Denver.
Mrs. Pearl Scudder Hoarde, San Francisco.
Albert Powell, England.
Emma Matzenbach, Teacher, Petaluma.
Effie D. Barber, Santa Anna.
Mrs. Grace Maynard Nelson, San Francisco.
Mrs. Ella Johnson Adams, Petaluma.
Charles Thomas, Lawyer, Berkeley.

Class of '93.

T. Milton Putman, Professor U. C. Berkeley.
Lester Parker Hall, Doctor at Dickson.
Mildred Farrell, Teacher, Petaluma.
Mrs. Ada Putman Bickford, Napa.
Harold R. Campbell, with Petaluma Incubator Co.
Gustavus Bruckerman, —.
Jennie Hamilton, San Francisco.
Agnes Jones, Deceased.

Class of '94.

John Thompson, Petaluma.
Will P. Dunn, San Francisco.
Wildric F. Hynes, Portland, Ore.
Mrs. Lucy Mills Pells, Guerneville.
Fred Bartley, —.
Ida Kimball, —.
George A. Lynch, San Francisco.
Arthur L. Todd, Paris.
Mattie E. Fine, Teacher, Alameda.
Mrs. Helen Anderson Peoples, Petaluma.
Joseph Rafael, Lawyer, San Francisco.
Mary Emma Kimball, —.
Lillian Marie De Martini, —.
Ada Skinner, Deceased.

Class of '95.

Frederick Ralph Starke, Vallejo.
Mrs. Lillian Lewis Gamage, Petaluma
Grave Charlotte Buckley, —.
Mrs. Georgie Graves Bordwell, Tuscon, Arizona.
Albert James Anderson, Mining Engineer, Silver City, New Mexico.
Frederick Martin, Farming, near Petaluma.
Edna Lois Gilbert ,Tuscon, Arizona
William Otto Matthies, San Francisco

Class of '96.

Henry Phillips, Dentist, Berlin, Germany.
Mrs. Mary Coumhan Smith, near Petaluma.
Mrs. Stella Falkner Hall, Petaluma
Mary Elizabeth Glenn, Humboldt Co.
Dorothy King, Petaluma.
Mrs. Ella Ormsby Putman, Ventura Co.
Stuart Zeno Peoples, Physician, Petaluma
Marcus Herndon Goshen, Gevernmeut Inspector, Mare Island.
George Hays, Salt Lake City.
Mrs. Edith Haskins Gill, Petaluma.
Mrs. Edith Lewis White, Berkeley.
Jean Jones, San Francisco.
Mrs. Vivien Gray Davidson, Deceased.

Class of '97.

Mrs. Myrtle Thompson, Glen Ellen.
Rodney J. Putnam, Ventura Co.
George Randall Alexander, Chico.
Charles A. Goshen, Vallejo.
Agnes Elizabeth Brown, Teacher, San Francisco.
Thomas T. McGuire, Druggis , Petaluma.
Nellie Marie Loughnane, Petaluma.

Class of '98.

Hiram Hopkins, with McNear Feed Co., Petaluma.
Daniel U. Kamp, in Kamp's Livery Stable, Petaluma.
William J. White, Insurance business, San Francisco.
Hill B. Graves, Santa Barbaca.

Class of '99.

Mrs. Ethel Harford Deane, Ukiah.
John W. Peoples, Dentist in Petaluma.
Werner Dietz, in Reclamation Service, S. Dakota.
Mrs. Joce Houx Olmsted, Petaluma.
Frank Gale, Missionary in China.
Mrs. Mattie E. Wilson Scott, San Francisco.
Elmer M. Brown, Deceased.
Rea Williams, Deceased.

Class of '00.

Mrs. Mae Melehan Howard, Tacoma.
Mabel Matzenbach, Petaluma.
Grace V. Dean, Petaluma.
Frank Costello, Lawyer, San Francisco.
H. Joseph Schuman, San Francisco.
Mrs. Birdie Mooney Benson, San Francisco.
Lulu Matzenbach, Petaluma.
Archie M. Alexander, San Francisco.
Mabel C. Sweed, Teaching in Petaluma High School.
Elizabeth Goshen, with Western Refrigerating Co., Petaluma.
Eva G. Gibson, Teacher, Petaluma.
Mrs. Maud Gale Atkinson, east.
Lee Hardin Patty, Berkeley.
Mrs. Maud Norton Brooke, San Francisco.
Emma Karey, San Jose.

Class of '01.

Romildo Edward Perinoni, Petaluma.
Lena Lyle Hunt, Berkeley.
Crystal Harford, Teacher, Chico
Mrs. Gretchen Post Roberts, near Sebastopol.
Clyde Healy, Berkeley.
Mrs. Eva Dean Smythe, Reno, Nev
Hester Hunt, Teacher, Santa Rosa.
Pearl Houx, Petaluma.
Mrs. Grace Barlow Brower, Berkeley.
Florence A. Atkinson, Teacher, Riverside.
Bertha Hays, Petaluma.

Class of '02.

Mrs. Zada Smith Ott, Petaluma.
Sarah Bookenoogen, Benecia.

Class of '03.

Herbert K. Brainerd, San Francisco.
Thomas Winsor, Bremerton Navy Yard, Seattle, Wash.
Lewis H. Cromwell, San Francisco.
Floyd S. McAlister, San Francisco.
Mrs. Edna J. Rogers Rose, Croy.
Lou. Silvey, San Francisco.
Opal W. Hays, Teacher in Petaluma.
Elsa Schluckebier, Teacher, Petaluma High School.
Corolyne N. Mills, Penngrove.
Tessie B. Sweed, Petaluma.

Class of '04.

Mrs. Ada Stone Ames, New Castle.
Nelly T. Burns, Petaluma.
J. Walter Foster, with "The Maze,", Petaluma.
Ray Corliss, Petaluma.
John Lauritzen, San Francisco.
Martin Poehlman, Sonoma County Bank, Petaluma.
Allie Anderson, Doctor, San Francisco.
Genevieve Martinelli, San Rafael.
Ida Perinoni, Petaluma.
Elizabeth Haran, Teaching near Petaluma.
Mae Purvine, Teacher in San Francisco.
Ruby McGuire, Petaluma.
Mrs. Emma Hyatt Framm, Petaluma

Class of '05.

Mrs. Helen Poehlman Lawler, Petaluma.
Mrs. Treasure Ellis McClymonds. Oakland
Myrtle N. Healy, Berkeley.
Ludwig Schluckebier, with Schluckebier Hdwe. Co., Petaluma.
Mrs. Irene Hastings Ledbetter, Santa Monica.

Evelyn Hall, Teaching near Petaluma.
Florence Mills, Nurse, Santa Rosa.
Mrs. Gertrude Wilder Hutchinson, Oakland.
William A. Lewis, Near Petaluma
Mrs. Olive Eearly Ayers, Petaluma.
Lillian Mattei, Teacher in Petaluma.
Ruby Haskell, Petaluma.
Edith Brake, Penngrove.
Ruth McGuire, Petaluma.
Mrs. Clare Stratton Teel, Newman.

Class of '06.

Paula Freyschlag, Teacher, Petaluma.
Elizabeth Drennon, San Francisco.
Frances R. Smith, Petaluma.
Millen Winsor, Vallejo.
Cecil E. Mills, Camas, Washington.
Corallyne McGovern, Petaluma.
Helen E. Peters, Teacher at Grant.
Otta Long, Berkeley.
Mrs. Ruth Pierce George, Residing near Petaluma.
George Mills, —.
Florentine Schluckebier, Petaluma.
Mata Meyerholz, Petaluma.
Marion D. Falconer, Salinas.
Malcom Byce, with Petaluma Incubator Company.
Mrs. Dulcie Bales Christiansen, near Sebastopol.
Lenora Gale, Seattle, Washington.
Emma L. Oeltjen, Petaluma.

Class of '07.

Lorin Church, attending U. C. Berkeley.
Volkert Faltings, attending Stanford.
Belle Rankin, attending Stanford.
Helen Purvine, Teacher near Petaluma.
Leo Hart, with Golden Eagle Milling Co Petaluma.
Nellie Graham, Petaluma.
Josie Mooney, Teacher at Two Rock
Mabel Fritch, Petaluma.
Roy Butin, Penngrove.
Bonita McKinney, teaching school in Petaluma.
Suzy May Cheesewright, with McNear Grain and Feed Co.

Class of '08.

Irene Mackay, attending U. C.
Ruth Trondsen, San Francisco.
Bryan Rice, Petaluma.
Florence Walsh, Petaluma.
Julia Church, Teaching at Sausilato.
Harold G. Baugh, attending U. C.
Lily Wilstrup, —.
Sophia Schuler, teaching in Marin district
Myra R. Green, teaching at Penngrove.
Veda A. Bowles, Arts and Crafts School, Berkeley.
Roy M. Evans, Petaluma.
J. Russell Boothe, Martinez.

Class of '09.

Ralph Comstock, attending U. C.
Seth Mackay, Berkeley.
Anna May Canevascini, San Jose Normal.
Charles Green, Attending Stanford University.
Gladys Gould, Attending U. C.
Charles Denman, Attending U. C.
Anna Burleigh, Campbells.
Kitty Connolly, Training to be a nurse, San Francisco.
Joseph Glikbarg, San Francisco.
Genevieve Farrell, Attending San Jose Normal.
Vita Jones, studying to be a missionary Kansas City.
Oliver Banta, Berkley.
Isabel Gilbert, Attending San Jose Normal
Rowena Benson, Attending U. C.
Jessie Scott, Attending San Francisco Normal.

Class of '10.

Lorene Meyers, University of California.
Will Cannon, taking P. G. at California School Mechanica. Arts.
Rosa Cole, Attending Santa Rosa Normal.
Warren Early, Attending Healds Business College.
Percy Peck, Petaluma.
Marion Partridge, Teaching Kindergarten, San Francisco.
Addie Davies, San Francisco.

Otto Klein, Working in Petaluma Incubator Co.

Arthur Purvine, Working on his father's ranch near Petaluma.

Florence Pometta, Petaluma.

Virgil Skinner, Taking P. G. at Petaluma High School.

Alice Dovey, Working as stenographer. in a garage in San Francisco.

Helen Soldate, San Francisco.

Leroy Brant, Petaluma, studying music.

Shirley Bock, Attending San Jose Normal.

Rena Van Marter, Attending San Francisco Normal School.

Will Barth, In McNear's Grain & Feed Store, Petaluma.

Ruth King, Attending San Jose Normal.

Mrs. Mary Gamboni, Residing in Petaluma.

Emma Saline, Teacher at Canfield.

Edna Boysen, Two Rock.